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**BLANKS**  
Of every kind, printed on fine paper, and of sale at \$1 00 per quire, cash.

The late cold spell killed the fruit in every portion of the country from which we have heard.

Pantaloon costing \$60 a pair are among the Spring fashions announced for gentlemen in New York.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beau comes, and can't go off without them.

**SENSIBLE ADVICE.**—From a Philadelphia paper of last week we copy the following, which we think we once met with in some work we were reading. Whether it is original in our contemporary or not, it is well worthy of being copied in more senses than one:—

**"A BIT OF ADVICE.**—Have you enemies? Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man that has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everybody has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air—they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a recreation, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error."

A western editor announces the arrival of a 12th responsibility at his house, and makes the following appeal thereafter: "More subscribers wanted at this office."

Somebody has written a book on "the art of making people happy without money." We are in excellent condition to be experimented upon.

"A penny for your thoughts," said a gentleman to a pert beauty.  
"They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied, "I was thinking of you."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning?  
Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

**A STEAM WAGON.**—A stock company has been formed of persons residing in Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, who have constructed a steam wagon, to be run on common roads. It was tested a few nights since, and travelled to the entire satisfaction of those who got it up.

**A GOOD REMEDY.**—The local of the Lynchburg Virginian publishes the following, and says he has tried it and found it to be a good remedy:

To cure a pain in the breast, procure a well made silk or woollen dress—with an equally well constructed woman inside of it—and press close to the part affected.—Repeat the application till the pain ceases. This recipe, when the directions are carefully observed, has rarely been known to fail in effecting a cure. The medicine is found in almost every household.

A lady walked off a steamboat at Norwich last Friday night into deep water, where she remained for half an hour buoyed up by her balloon-like hoops, and was finally extracted.

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary: "Till it freezes!" was the uncle's cool reply.

**EQUALITY OF PLACE.**—A masculine woman and a feminine man—a hen crowing and the rooster clucking.

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

WM. J. SLATTER, }

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

{ PROPRIETOR.

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NUMBER 15.

## LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

By the pressing request of a number of our fair friends, we publish below the emblems of some of the Floral Kingdom:  
Acacia, Rose—Friendship.  
" White—Elegance.  
" Yellow—Concealed love.

Adonis, Flos—Sorrowful remembrance.  
Althea—Consumed by love.  
Amaranth, Globe—Unchangeable.  
Amaryllis—Splendid beauty.  
Ambrosia—Love returned.  
Arbor Vita—Live for me.  
Bachelor's Button—I with the morning's love have oft made sport.

Balm—Sympathy.  
Basil Sweet—Good wishes.  
Bay Leaf—I change but in dying.  
Bay Wreath—The reward of merit.  
Carnilla Japonica—Pity.  
Cape Jessamine—Transport—Ecstasy.  
Catch Fly, Red—Youthful love.  
" " White—I fall into the trap laid for me.

Cedar—I live for thee.  
China Aster, Double—I partake your sentiments.  
China Aster, Single—I will think of it.  
Chrysanthemum, Rose Color—I love.  
" White—Truth.  
" Yellow—Slighted love.

Clover, Red—Industry.  
Cock's comb—Foppish affectation.  
Columbine, Purple—Resolved to win.  
" Red—Anxious and trembling.  
Convulvulus—Uncertainty.  
Coreopsis, Arkansas—Love at first sight.  
Cowslip, Common—Winning grace.  
Crocus—Cheerfulness.  
Cypress—Despair.

Dahlia—Forever thine.  
Daisy, Red—Beauty unknown to the possessor.  
Daisy, White—Innocence.  
Dandelion—Conquetry.  
Dogwood Blossom—I am perfectly indifferent to you.  
Eglantine—I wound to heal.  
Elder—Compassion.

Everlasting—Never ceasing remembrance.  
Balm of Gilead—Time.  
Fox Glove—A wish.  
Geranium, Apple—Present preference.  
" Fish—Disappointed expectation.  
" Nutmeg—An expected meeting.

" Oak—Lady deign to smile.  
" Rose—Preference.  
" Silver leaved—Recalled.  
Gilly Flower—Bonds of affection.  
Golden Rod—Encouragement.  
Grass—Submission.  
Hawthorn—Hope.

Heart's Ease, Yellow and Purple—Forget me not.  
" Purple—You occupy my thoughts.  
" Wild—Love in idleness.  
Heliotrope—Devotion.  
Hellebore—Calumny—Scandal.

Holly—Am I forgotten?  
Hollyhock—Ambition.  
Honey Flower—Speak low, if you speak love.  
Honeysuckle, Coral—The color of fate.  
" Wild—Generous and devoted love.

Hyacinth—Jealousy.  
Jasmine, White—Amiability.  
" Yellow—Grace and Elegance.  
Ice Plant—Rejected addresses.  
Jonquil—I desire a return of affection.

Iris—I have a message for you.  
Ivy—Matrimony.  
Lady's Slipper—Capricious beauty.  
Larkspur—Lightness.  
" Pink—Fickleness.  
Laurel—Treachery.  
Lavender—Distrust.

Lilack, Purple—The first emotions of love.  
" White—Youth.  
Lily, White—Purity and sweetness.  
" Yellow—Falsehood.  
" of the valley—Delicacy.  
Locust, the green leaves—Affection beyond the grave.

Locust Flower—Estranged love.  
" Leaf—Reconciliation.  
Love-in-a-mist—Perplexity.  
Lupine—Imagination.  
Magnolia—Perseverance.  
Marigold—Cruelty.  
Mignonette—Your qualities surpass your charms.  
Mimosa—Sensitiveness.  
Mock Orange—Counterfeit.  
Moss—Recluse.

Myrtle: Love positive.  
Nasturtium: A war-like trophy.  
Nettle: Slander.  
Oak Leaf: Bravery.  
Oleander: Beware.  
Ox-Eye: Patience.  
Passion Flower: Susceptibility.  
Pea, Everlasting: An appointed meeting.

" Sweet: Departure.  
Peach blossom: I am your captive.  
Pennyroyal: Flee away.  
Pine, Spruce: Farewell.  
Pink, Carnation: Woman's love.  
" Indian single: Aversion.

" Mountain: Aspiring.  
" Variegated: Refusal.  
" White: Ingenueness.  
Pomegranate Flower: Mature and beautiful.  
Poppy, Red: Consolation.  
" White: My bane, my antidote.

Pride of China: Dissension.  
Primrose, Evening: Inconsistency.  
" Rose colored: Unpatronized.  
Rose, Burgundy: Unconscious beauty.  
" Cabbage: The ambassador of love.  
" Dally: That smile I would aspic to.

" Damask: Freshness.  
" Deep Red: Bashful shame.  
" 1000 leaved: Pride.  
" Maiden's Blush: If you do love me you will find me out.  
" Moss, full blown: Superior merit.

" Bud: Confession.  
" Multiflora: Grace.  
" Musk Cluster: Charming.  
" Bud, Red: You are young and beautiful.  
" Red, full-blown: Beauty.  
" Bud, white: A heart that is ignorant of love.

Rose, white: I am worthy of you, and withered. Transient impressions.  
Rose, without a thorn: Ingratitude.  
Rose, Yellow: The decrease of love on better acquaintance.  
Rose, Champion: Only deserve my love.

Rosemary: Remembrance.  
Rue: Disdain.  
Sage: Domestic virtues.  
Snap Dragon: Presumption.  
Snow Drop: Refinement.  
Star of Bethlehem: Reconciliation.  
Strawberry Tree: Esteem and love.

Sun Flower, Dwarf: Your devoted adorer.  
" Tall: Pride, haughtiness.  
Sweet Briar: Simplicity.  
Sweet William: Finesse.  
Thorn Apple: Deceitful charms.  
Tuber Rose: 'Le plus loin, le plus cher.'

Tulip, Red: A declaration of love.  
Tulip, Yellow: Hopeless love.  
Venus' Looking Glass: Flattery.  
Verbena: Sensibility.  
Violet, blue: Love.  
Violet, white: Modesty.

Virgin's Bower: Filial love.  
Wall Flower: Fidelity in misfortune.  
Weeping Willow: Forsaken.  
Woodbine, the variegated leaf: Fraternal love.  
Yarrow: To cure.  
Zinnia: Absence.

**PASSAGE FROM A NEW ORLEANS DRAMA.**—Signor Botany-bayo, I have thee, villain, ha! ha! Now, by the fiends, rather than let thee escape, and lose the reward offered for thy life, I'd—  
Sacramento—Hold off, or die the death! I am not what I seem, but—  
Bot. (Eagerly) Who art thou?  
Sac. (Mysteriously) One who reads the stars!

Bot. (Impressively) Not Quinlan?  
Sac. No, in faith.  
Bot. Then thou art—  
Sac. I am.  
They whisper; a fiend, in tin spangles and yellow ochre robes from a trap; shaking of sheet iron, thunder; flashing of powder lightnings; darkness visible; the moon is represented as rising, by means of a tallow candle, held behind a hole in the scenery; the palace—no barn—is fired; a clashing of swords. Botanybayo falls covered with brick-dust blood; curtain falls.

Great Heaven! What has our distinguished Senator, A. G. Brown, been doing, that the *Eagle and Enquirer* of Memphis, has taken such a liking unto him of late!—*Hernando Press.*  
That is a very idle question, for we have no idea that "Great Heaven" is on speaking terms with the editor of the *Press*.—*Eagle and Enquirer.*  
We hear of an economical man, who always takes his meals in front of a mirror; he does this to double the dishes. If that ain't philosophy, we wonder what is.

## HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

How? put on fine clothes, and costly? Tip off butterfly fashion, with jewels, golden trinkets, and artificials? Strut about dandy-like in a suit of superfine broadcloth, studded breast-pins, and dangling watch chain and seal? Reader, is this your idea of the beautiful? We think not.

What would I be? Not rich in gold. And with a narrow heart, Or misanthropic, stern and cold, Dwell from my kind apart.  
If either man or woman, lad or lass, wishes to realize the power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which by extending the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.

The principal beauty of the countenance depends upon a mysterious expression which it conveys of the amiable qualities of the mind, of good sense, good humor, candor, benevolence, sensibility and love. 'Handsome is that handsome does.'

The following lines are musical and sweet:  
Written for the Home Journal.

## SONG.

BY MRS. ADELIA C. GRAVES.

I care not now for wealth—ah! no,  
Without it I can live,—  
But for the heart that loved him so,  
And that he cannot give.

The faith, so fondly pledged to him—  
It is mine no more,  
And life's young hopes, now grown so dim,  
He never can restore.

Though sweet and pure my girlhood's trust,  
It quickly passed away,  
And now I know, as know I must,  
He would but to betray.

'Twas gold that lured him to my side,  
You! fond ladies woe!  
For woman's love, in all its pride,  
Craves but the wealth of love.

**WANT OF SUNSHINE.**—"Your city horses don't get enough of sunshine," said a shrewd farmer, "and no wonder, therefore, they are so often unhealthy. In the coldest day of winter, when it was clear, my old father used to take his horses out of the stable, and tie them to the fence in the middle of the day so that they might get sunshine."

There was even more wisdom in the farmer's speech than he supposed. It is not horses only that suffer for the want of sunshine. Thousands of persons living in cities injure their health because of the want of sunshine. The overworked operative, who is confined all day in a dark, ill-ventilated room, owes not a little of his fondness for a dram to the absence of the light, joyous, exhilarating sunshine. The pale sickly child, that by and by is laid in its coffin, amid the sobs of its heart-broken mother, might probably have grown up to vigorous manhood if it had been bred on a breezy, clover decked, sunshiny hillside. Who can compute the adults who die annually of consumption solely because they have deprived themselves of sunshine year after year. In the physical life of Americans, especially those who dwell in cities, there is no deficiency so marked and fatal as that of the want of sunshine. The human animal requires sunshine quite as much as a plant.

**WOMAN'S HEART.**—There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for a time to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated such ailment as was requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind to start it upon its second period of development. Here at this point some stand for years without making a step in advance. Others marry and astonish, in a few brief years, by their sweet temper, their new beauty, their high accomplishments, and their noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose they were among the incurably heartless and frivolous.—*Bay Path.*

A Schenectady editor, describing the effects of a squall on a canal boat says: "When the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

Society, like silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

## TASTE IN DRESS.

It is not so much the richness of the material as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that give the desired elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colors, have more to do with heightening female attractions than many are willing to believe.

Says a sensible writer: "Many a wife looks prettier, if she did but know it, in her neat morning frock of calico, than the incongruous pile of finery which she dignifies with the title of full dress. Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband in some simple, unpretending attire, which, if consulted about, she would pronounce too cheap except for ordinary wear; but which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face, and carriage, idealizes her youth wonderfully. If the sex would study taste in dress more, and care less for costliness, they would have no reason to regret it."

We wish no readers of ours would ever purchase for themselves another dress, or another ornament, until they have secured a supply of these absolutely necessary accessories of economy, health and comfort. Our medical institutions all over the country, are filled with women whose constitutions have been ruined, and whose lives and services virtually lost to themselves and their families, and almost wholly from the want of just such a simple article of dress as this.

**SOUND SLEEP.**—Any man who can bound out of bed as soon as he wakes of a mid-winter's morning is worth something; no fear of his not making his way through the world creditably, because he has the elements of a promptitude, decision and energy, which guarantee success. To invalidate we make a comfortable suggestion worth knowing. If you have force of will enough to keep you from taking a second nap—and it is the "second nap" which makes its baneful influence felt on multitudes—it is better for you to lie awhile and think about it until that feeling of weariness passes out of the limbs which you so commonly feel. But to sleep soundly, and to feel rested and refreshed when you wake up of a morning, four things are essential:—

1. Go to bed with feet thoroughly dry and warm.  
2. Take nothing for supper but some cold bread and butter and a single cup of warm tea of any kind.  
3. Avoid over fatigue of body.

4. For the hour preceding bed time, dismiss every engrossing subject from the mind, and let it be employed about something soothing and enlivening in cheerful thankfulness.

**NEVER FORGET.**  
They failed not in days of old,  
That love undelisted soon will perish  
Throughout all time the truth doth hold,  
That what we love we ever cherish.  
For, when the sun neglects the flower,  
And the sweet, pearly dew forsakes it,  
It hanes its head, and from that hour,  
Prays only unto death to take it,  
So may I droop, by all above me,  
If ever I forget to love thee!

**SOCIETY OF WOMEN.**—D'ISRAEL speaking of the society of women, says: "It is an acquaintance which, when habitual, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any more violent effects. It refines the taste, quickens the perception, and gives, as it were, a grace and flexibility to the intellect." Somewhere else the same writer remarks, that "men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentle sex, as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men; or, at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of person." And Sydney Smith is equally correct when he says that "among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering on enthusiasm."

The man that don't believe in advertising still insists that the sun revolves round the earth.

**UNPLEASANT.**—To dream that you are being huggled to death by a blue-eyed Peri, and wake and find a piece of stove pipe lying across your neck.

Applause is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of ten lines or less will be inserted at One Dollar for the first and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion.

Very liberal reductions made for those who advertise by the year, half year, or quarter.

## BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

BLANKS OF EVERY KIND.  
PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS,  
CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS,  
FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS,  
BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS, &c.

## Liabilities of Railroad Companies for Cattle Killed.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has lately made an important decision adverse to the liability of Railroad Companies for cattle killed on their roads. The conclusions of the Court are thus stated:

"Trepas vi et armis, is not proper form of action for injuries, resulting from the negligence of the servants of a corporation; trespass on the case is the proper action, of which a Justice of the Peace has no jurisdiction.

Animals wandering upon the track of an unenclosed railroad, are strictly trespassers, and the company is not liable for their destruction, except its servants are guilty of wilful negligence, evincing reckless misconduct.

The burden of proof is on the plaintiff, to show negligence. The mere fact that an animal was killed, will not render the company liable.

In order to show the manner in which railroad trains are conducted, witnesses acquainted with their Management, must be examined.

In a previous case the same tribunal is said to have decided, that a "railroad company is not bound to fence its track, that the cattle wandering upon the track, of a railroad are strictly trespassers; and that the company is not liable, unless its employers are "guilty of wilful or wanton injury, or of gross negligence evincing reckless or wilful mismanagement."

These decisions seem to us to stand upon the substantial basis of both law and justice, though we are aware that other courts have held differently.

We have never been able to understand why Railroads, objects of general interest and advocacy while in process of construction, should become objects of equally general warfare so soon as finished.—Yet such is their history. Would it not be more just for legislatures and courts to declare, in advance, the building of them a penal offence, than to encourage their construction only to license a general system of hostilities against them so soon as they are in operation.—*Savannah Georgian.*

## PARODY ON THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last cake of supper,  
Left steaming alone,  
All its light brown companions  
Are buttered and gone.  
No cake of its kindred  
No cookie is nigh  
To steam on the platter,  
Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To meet a cold fate,  
Since thy mates are all eaten,  
Come lie on my plate,  
Thus kindly I'll butter  
Thy steaming sides o'er,  
And think on thy sweetness  
When thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow,  
Three times every day,—  
When breakfast is ready  
They vanish away.  
When hunger is mighty  
And sickness has down,  
No cake can inhabit  
The table alone.

Do Good.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? they do not do a particle of good in this world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh man immortal! Live for something.

Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands who come in contact with you year by year, you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

"Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the charge—are you guilty or not guilty?" "Arrah! musha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

Applause is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.